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must and will come to an end. If we do not allow ourselves to be allured from the strict path of our duty by such a device as shifting our ground and throwing ourselves into the rear of a leader who denies our first principle, denies that there is an absolute wrong in the institution of slavery, then the future of the Republican cause is safe and victory is assured. You Republicans of Illinois have deliberately taken your ground; you have heard the whole subject discussed again and again; you have stated your faith, in platforms laid down in a State Convention, and in a National Convention; you have heard and talked over and considered it until you are now all of opinion that you are on a ground of unquestionable right. All you have to do is to keep the faith, to remain steadfast to the right, to stand by your banner. Nothing should lead you to leave your guns. Stand together, ready, with match in hand. Allow nothing to turn you to the right or to the left. Remember how long you have been in setting out on the true course; how long you have been in getting your neighbors to understand and believe as you now do. Stand by your principles; stand by your guns; and victory complete and permanent is sure at the last.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN.

IMAGINATION pictures a new type in a new land. The pity of it is that the reality falls short of expectation. Australian women, to be sure, work out their destiny in the newest of new lands; but, in these latter days, when one end of the world, so to say, touches the other, originality is heavily handicapped. External influences are for ever beating on Australian shores. American and English examples, always present, are as inimical to the production of original and striking characteristics as civilization, according to Macaulay, is to the production of the most poetic poetry. Australian women aspire to the freedom and independence of American women, and stand in awe of the presence and traditions of English women. The result is a character moulded by conflicting influences reflected through the colored medium of Australian conditions.

Transition stages are rapid in Australia. The twilight flits across the hills and plains, and, ghost-like, disappears. The *naïveté* of childhood slips away before short frocks lengthen into long gowns. It is daylight or darkness, infancy or womanhood here. Before the English girl has outgrown childish delights the Australian is a woman in miniature, self-conscious, self-confident, not easily abashed, with eyes that long since have ceased to look out upon the world with wonder. In a short skirt, with a plait down its back, young Australia imitates its elders, flirts, falls in love, and, sometimes, reads and writes funny little love-letters in all seriousness. Very youthful, very innocent all this in its way, but the way itself strikes one as just a little precocious. Like her brother, the Australian girl has a say as to what she learns, where she goes, what she wears. In fact, she brings herself up under easy supervision. Grown to womanhood, the glitter and glamor of life already tarnished in her sight, she is without reserve, possessed of few illusions and less sentiment. She has arrived at a very good opinion of herself. So far as circumstances permit she pleases herself in the choice of a husband or a course in life. But with all her liberty she does not enjoy the recognized freedom and independence of the American girl.

The social code is slightly confusing. For an unengaged girl to go to the theatre or for a walk alone with a man would be scandalous, but at a dance she may wander about dim gardens and verandas with a new acquaintance and it is quite another thing. She marries at any age short of middle age, but it is not into greater freedom as the French-

woman, but into bondage after the most approved British fashion. Family cares and household duties absorb her; servants worry her. The happy knack of dividing life into parts and sustaining many interests has yet to be acquired. Accomplishments are neglected; dancing goes to the wall; for reading there is no time. But should domesticity fail to engross her and the giddy whirl of society sweep her away from home the household becomes a scene of disorder. Perhaps this is why the average domesticated Australian becomes so uninteresting after marriage. Her life narrows down, she seldom shares her husband's interests, her conversation fluctuates between scandal and servants' delinquencies, fashions and the children. Her days are varied by tea and gossip, with visits and occasional entertainments thrown in. Unless a fashionable woman she no longer troubles to be pretty or charming, and it is unusual for her to keep herself *au courant* of passing events and the questions of to-day, or to give more than an occasional glance at a newspaper.

Though pretty, tall, and well-formed, the Australian is not graceful. Her feet are seldom small, her hands rarely beautiful. Moreover, she does not dress well. Her toilette has none of the *chic* of the Parisienne's, little of the sobriety of the Englishwoman's. Overdressed or dowdy, she produces the impression of not only having little taste, but no artistic sense of the fitness of things. Stylish and elegant women are to be seen more frequently in Melbourne than elsewhere. Nevertheless, dress is dear to the soul of an Australian, and much is spent on it. Down in the lowest social grades it plays an important part. The Australian hugs the idea of equality, and, believing in uniformity of dress as the visible sign of equality, often sacrifices actual comfort to obtain fashionable clothing. An Australian family makes a brave show on holidays. There may be bare feet and rags in the house, but there are cheap feathers and gloves in the street. Here the vanity of the race peeps out and hatred of apparent social distinctions, for vanity is stronger in the Australian woman than ambition, just as indolence is more inherent than energy. She is clever but not intellectual, accomplished oftener than highly educated. To be able to play the piano is regarded as a sort of *cachet* of distinction, not to play it as a lamentable sign of neglected education. Tact is natural to her, also a quick sense of perception. With the ready ease wherewith a troutlet changes its color into harmony with that of its surroundings she adapts herself to circumstances, catches the cue of her *entourage*, and continues to produce a favorable impression. With a cheerful disposition and mercurial temperament the serious side of life scarcely appeals to her. Foreseeing not that to sow the wind is to reap the whirlwind, she exacts neither obedience nor due reverence from her children, and without being specially religious leaves the responsibility of their future very much to Providence. Thus, some of the finest feelings that bind the human race together become destroyed, and a spurious sort of independence loosens family ties in Australian households. Though hardly capable of strong feeling and deep, passionate attachment, the Australian is affectionate, and in manner hospitable, friendly, and, sometimes, sympathetic. Strangers to-day, to-morrow you are intimately acquainted. In friendship there is no tentative stage, but a plunge *in medias res*.

By her speech the Australian betrays her origin. *Bay* is pronounced *bai*; *say*, *sai*. Sometimes there is a nasal sound in the voice. Often there is slang on her lips, not the slang of society merely, but of the stock-yard,

the camp-fire and the stable. It may be heard in the drawing rooms of society, for polished manners are not found as a matter of course in prominent places. Here men and women are shaken like dice in a box; chance decides the throw. Culture and refinement may dwell in the humblest homes and the veriest plebeianism amidst luxury. Australia is the land of many grotesque contrasts and some unique social surprises.

JULIA F. NICHOLSON.

THE WEAKNESS OF MR. DAVIS'S STRENGTH.

It was to be expected that the recent reinterment of the President of the dead Confederacy would call forth widespread comment. It was not to be expected that any of this could be coldly judicial and wholly unbiased, or yet that the larger portion of it could be free from errors of statement and of deduction. We are still too close to the subject for absolutely accurate portraiture of its real features, for the convulsion which distorted these was too exceptional for its abnormal scars and furrows to be smoothed to naturalness, except by the slow processes of time.

It is doubtful if Mr. Davis's impress upon his era will ever be justly comprehended at a distance from the confined sphere of his most important actions; and it is certain that to this time little of the cold justice of analysis has been given it even by the South, save by the few immediately surrounding the great leader of what outsiders still brand as treason, and we contend was not even rebellion. But to those who closest surrounded Mr. Davis—who acted with, or were influenced by, him in those unparalleled four years—the truth is evident. That one great weakness of the Confederacy was the inexorable personal strength of its leader's character is a fact to be proved by history, paradoxical as it may appear in simple statement. Strong will and prompt decision were character bases of the Mississippi statesman, and both were developed by service in the field and by accidents of political strife. With him a conclusion was an already-assured performance; and while he never "jumped at" conclusions, those arrived at by reason and judgment became irrevocable law for his action.

Success of these methods in his career as a publicist indurated them into concrete parts of his character; and, while ever courteous to dissent and ready to hear the "other side," neither moved the adamant will once set to its cherished purpose. And that this purpose was ever honest, direct and wholly selfless none have yet risen to deny, nor will future history be ever able to prove clearly that it was the wrong one in the main. The analytic thinker may show that the leader's deep interest, nervous industry, and absolute self-reliance caused him to attempt too much, or that he exhausted in details time, energy and resource which might have been left safely to weaker subordinates; for no one brain and set of nerves in one body, could have accomplished fitly one-half of the work that Mr. Davis set himself to do.

It has been charged—North and South, long ago and of late—that through his tenacious adherence to his own peculiar methods, its President caused the downfall of the Southern Confederacy. Indubitably the cold judgment of history will dissolve this error in the acid of fact that the infant government—as Vice-President Stephens had expressed it—"died a-borning"; that its meteoric fall through history might possibly have been less red and blood marked, but might never have been stayed, even